






THE LINK



JANUARY 1957

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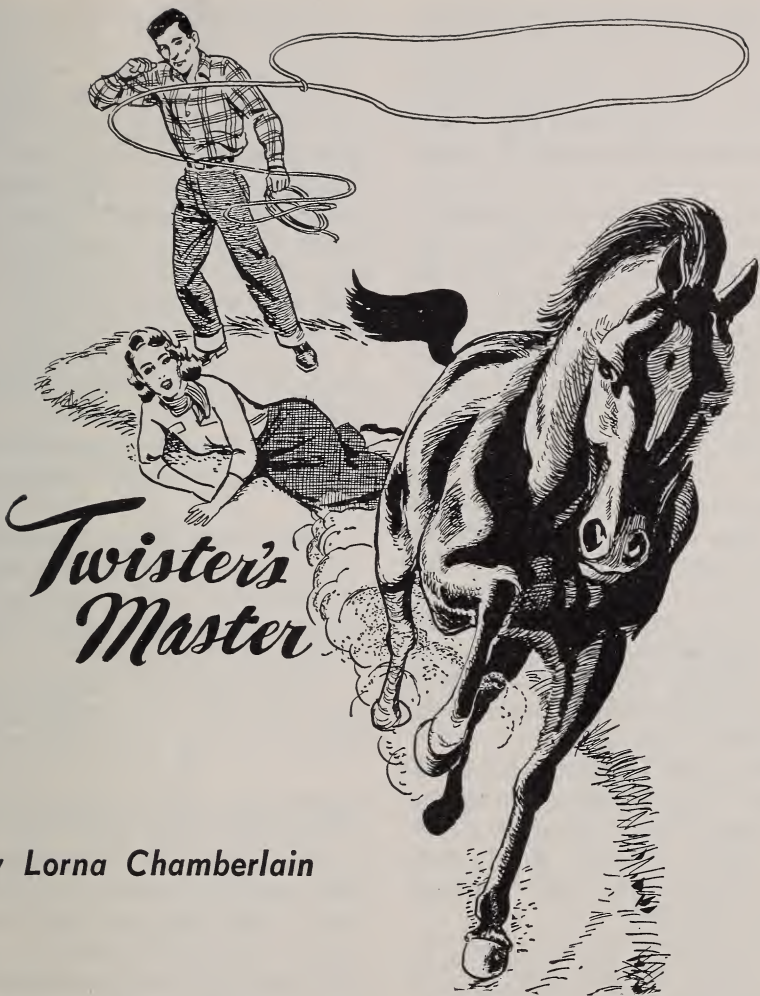
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By Lorna Chamberlain

ADELE knew that she must hurry to get back home. She'd not only left her children with her next-door neighbor, but she was to have company for dinner this evening. She had a million things to do at home. It just wasn't the right day to choose to make a hundred-mile trip.

But it was Chet's birthday. Somebody in the family ought to remember Chet. None of the others would, she knew.

Ever since he'd come back from Korea, his family had frowned on his attitude. Chet hadn't turned out to be like any of the other Jenkinses. They all had nice homes and good paying jobs. They loved being respectable. Chet loved just one thing—horses.

During racing seasons, he stayed at nearby race tracks. There he lived, slept, and ate right at the barns alongside the horses. Sometimes he'd go south or west for a while. Then

he might hurry back east, rent some little old shanty on some far-off corner of a deserted farm, and spend his last bit of cash for an old broken-down horse. He'd trade that one for another horse, then another, and another.

Adele's mind was a turmoil of unhappy thoughts as she drove along the highway to visit her brother. He had been such a fool, but no one could tell him anything. The rest were disgusted to death with him. She was, too, only she kept remembering things Chet used to do for her.

Chet was only a year older than she was. They'd always walked to and from school together. In the spring when the creek below their house used to flood and water would be over the footbridge, Chet used to wade through the creek carrying her. Even though Chet was stubborn, he'd always been kind and thoughtful about things.

After an hour and a half of hard driving, Adele slowed down to read road signs. One sign read, "Fernland Farms. Private Road. Keep Out." Another sign read, "Fernland Farms—10 miles."

She and Bob had once used the private road. It was a short cut, and she was in a hurry. On sudden impulse she turned into the private road.

The road was winding and narrow, but she made good time. She had just started watching for the big red barn where Chet worked when a group of men ahead signaled frantically for her to stop.

"Where are you going anyhow?" they shouted.

She started to explain. "My brother works on the last farm over there."

A red-faced, heavy-set man hurried to her side of the car. "Twister's on another rampage," he said.

"Twister?" questioned Adele.

"He's that high-priced Arabian stallion old Matt bought last year. Old Matt gets crazy ideas sometimes. He has it in his head that he's going to make a great race horse out of this one. But it'll turn out that the horse will kill somebody. Then old Matt will give him away. You don't want to be traveling on this road when Twister's loose. You'd better go back."

"Oh, I certainly shall. Thanks for telling me. But I did want to see Chet."

"She's more liable to meet the horse if she goes back, Sam, than she is driving on," said a voice from the group. "She's more than halfway through the farms now."

"Okay. Drive on—but hurry! After this, don't try to cut through the farms over this road. Go around."

WITH HER HEART SKIPPING BEATS, and her mind filled with panic and exasperation, Adele sped on. Never had she felt more indignant toward Chet. She had been such a stupid fool to be lured away from home when she had so much to do. Well, she'd learned her lesson.

Before too long Adele caught sight of the big red barn. If she could only get to it, before having to encounter that wild, untamed monster, she'd be the happiest person in the world.

With a prayer on her lips, Adele sped on. She slowed only when she hit the graveled area close to the barn. Down the road she saw a thin, boyish-looking figure. She blasted her horn, and instantly his face

lighted up with a big broad grin. He came running toward her, arms outstretched.

The great love she had for him, combined with her pity and compassion, caused sudden tears to fill her eyes. Some day, she thought to herself, she'd have money enough to buy a farm somewhere. She'd ask Chet to manage it for her. On week ends all the family could go there, the way they used to go to the farm back home.

Adele jumped out and ran to meet Chet. As he hugged her to him, she sang "Happy Birthday," teasingly. He looked pleased to death. "I brought you a cake, Chet."

"Gee, it's wonderful of you to remember me."

"Chet, you look so clean and suntanned and so truly handsome right now. I think Fernland Farms must be a pretty good place for you."

"If you can make the grade here, it's a swell place to be."

"Is the work hard?"

"Not too hard. My work is centered chiefly around this big red barn. I keep busy all through the week. Then when Saturday night comes, I catch a free ride to town. There I really celebrate."

Adele frowned. There had been rumors that Chet had been drinking.

He laughed, adding hurriedly, "Once in town, I really hit those Dairy Bars. You know—the kind that sell rainbow-royal ice-cream cones."

"Well, just don't quit and start roving around on the bum. Horse farms aren't too plentiful. If you stay on here—"

"Oh, I've no notion of quitting here. I like it fine. Besides, I know it worries you when I'm roaming around.

"By the way, have you heard there's some wicked horse out on a rampage today?"

"Sure. Old Matt called me just a little while ago. There's a telephone over in the big red barn, see, with a sirenlike bell. He told me to be on the lookout for Twister again. About every week he calls and gives me that kind of message. But Twister never comes this far."

"I'm certainly glad of that. I guess I can start breathing again. I was simply scared to death as I drove over this way a little while ago," explained Adele, going into detail.

THEY WALKED ALONG THE ROAD IN the sunlight to the spot where Chet had been working when she arrived. Pointing to a heavy rope hanging across a big rock, he said to her, "See the rope dangling over there? That rope is to take care of Twister if he should come this far. But he never has yet. I always get ready for him. In fact, I even pray for him to come this far. I'd just like to show some of Matt's big-time trainers how a horse like Twister ought to be handled. But I don't suppose I'll ever get the chance."

"Chet, could you really take care of Twister if he'd show up?"

"Could I? Listen, Twister is just like a collie dog in comparison to some of those horses I helped break out West last summer."

"Then, why don't they hire you to look after Twister?"

"You've got to rate to get a job as a trainer here. This is a pretty big place. Old Matt does well by all his top employees. Not only do they make terrific salaries, but they are all furnished pretty little homes here on Fernland Farms to live in.

"The ones who train the important race horses get big commissions. Matt's horses bring in millions each year. This is no little outfit to be with. If I stay here, I can work my way up, maybe."

"Then please stay, Chet."

"What's the family gossip, Adele?"

"Our brothers, Therm and Jerry, both have new cars."

"Sounds as if my brothers are all doing okay. I guess everyone is ashamed of me. No one ever looks me up."

"They always ask about you. Each time I get a letter from you, I call them and give them the news. But the last few weeks, you seem to have forgotten my address. I—"

Suddenly there was a fierce pounding sound. It was followed by the explosive snort of a horse. It was so loud that cold chills ran up and down Adele's back. She trembled, afraid even to look up.

"It's Twister. Hit the ground, Adele!" Chet shouted.

"I'll run to the barn!" she shrieked.

"Adele, don't be a fool! Don't try to run. There isn't time. Get flat on your face as fast as you can. Hurry! Here he comes—heading straight for us."

"I'm scared, Chet. Scared stiff of being trampled to death."

"Get down and he'll never step on you. A horse never steps on a person he sees. He's afraid to."

"How do you know he won't?" screamed Adele, as she caught a glimpse of a wild-eyed monster, elephant-sized, only swift and lithe as a housecat, racing her way. She fell on her face, overcome with helplessness, knowing there was nothing else to do.

Chet, too, flopped on his face be-

side her. He seemed to be completely unafraid. Almost quietly he said, "Adele, I've never yet seen a horse that would step on a man that's lying flat on the ground. They're afraid to for some reason. Oh, if they're in a fight and the horse gets a man under his feet where he can't see him, he'll trample him, sure enough. But otherwise, the horse always leaps across a man sprawled out on the ground."

Something powerful and alive drew near. Adele, with her face buried in the dry earth, bit quivering lips and waited. There was a wild snort, hooves seemed to fan the air, and she sensed Twister passing over her.

There was another snort, followed by Chet's hoarse whisper, "Stay where you are, Adele. He's coming right back at us. This time I'm going to lunge for my rope. If I can get it fast enough. . . . But you stay down."

Adele, sickened with the worst fear she'd ever known, only knew to do what Chet told her to do. A moment later she heard a rope hiss through the air. As it slapped against the horse's neck there was a snort, a neigh, and the fierce thudding and pounding of hooves.

Chet, she knew, couldn't handle this kind of horse. He'd only imagined he could. This horse was swift and powerful, smart and cunning. Chet would be no match for him. But he thought he was.

Presently, Chet said to her, "You can get up now, Adele." She couldn't believe her ears.

It was too good to be true. Too soon it seemed to be over. She'd been expecting to die—now she heard that she didn't have to. Chet had saved her life.

ADELE STAGGERED TO HER FEET. With a rope taut round his neck, Twister stood down the road. Furiously he pawed the ground, jerking himself up and down, striking at the lasso that held him captive.

Chet had snubbed the rope to the stump. Now he stood watching her, not seeming to give Twister any attention. Adele brushed dirt and grass off her hands and suit. "Oh, was I ever scared!" she admitted.

"Adele, there's a bridle hanging on the wall out in the big barn, just inside the doorway. Would you hurry and get it for me?"

"Oh—sure."

"Listen, Adele. Stay clear of Twister. He's pretty impish yet. But he'll tame down soon."

Adele hurried to the barn, filled with new and very great respect for Chet. He could handle a horse. He knew what to expect a horse to do.

When she returned she was amazed to find Chet standing beside Twister, stroking his mane. "Nice Boy. Nice Boy," Chet was saying endearingly. To her, he said, "He's a pretty old devil, isn't he?"

"I don't want to get anywhere near him, Chet. I'm going to run to the car and hide until you lead him away."

"Why, he's tame as a kitten, now. He'd eat sugar out of my hand, I'll bet. Watch him."

"You have a great gift for handling horses, Chet. Within minutes, you've tamed a raging monster. You really saved my life. I guess I never appreciated what you knew about horses until now. I guess no one else in the family does either. That's why they're forever preaching to you that you ought to go out and find yourself some other kind of work."

Enthusiastically Chet confided, "Adele, this horse is worth thousands. But I could probably buy him right now for a hundred bucks. Now, when he has everybody bluffed and afraid of him, would be the ideal time to offer to buy him. The workers here at Fernland Farms would be pleased to death to see old Matt get rid of him, believe you me."

"If you can get him for a hundred dollars, why don't you buy him, Chet? Look at how quick you were able to tame him down."

"Old Matt knows horses. He had a good reason for paying a big price for this horse."

"Go ahead and buy him," urged Adele.

"I don't have the hundred bucks."

"I'll get it for you."

"Well, there's more to it than that, I guess. If I buy him I'd have to clear out of here with him. They'd be dying to be rid of him once he was sold. I'd have to rent a place somewhere and try to live on nothing but big dreams again. I'm getting a little too old to live on big dreams, I guess."

"Chet, if Matt will sell that horse, you get him as a birthday gift from me. We'll find some place for you to keep him. I've seen what you can do with a horse. I'll never be ashamed of you again, or coax and plead with you to go into some other kind of work. If you train that horse to be a race-track winner, you'll never again have to worry about being the one in the family who didn't make good. If that happens, you'll be the one who has had outstanding success."

A car from nowhere came to sudden halt. A tall white-haired man climbed out of it, exclaiming as he did, "Well, son, I see you've found

my horse. Not only that, you've put a bridle on him. By golly, you're doing all right with him."

"He's a pretty nice horse. Matt, would you like to sell him?"

"Oh, no! Not yet! I never give up the first year," Adele heard the old man say. Her heart that had been so uplifted moments ago, fell back to its normal way of beating again.

"This is my sister, Adele. Twister just about scared her out of her wits," Chet remarked as he briefly ex-

plained to him what had happened.

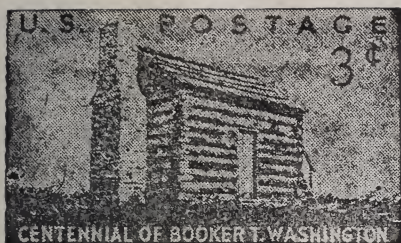
Matt was still shaking hands with her when he astonished her by saying to Chet, "I'm interested in finding someone to train this horse for me, someone who isn't afraid of him and who knows how to handle him. It has just occurred to me that you're the right man. Son, if he ever proves to be a race-track winner, your percentage of all he earns will be the same as mine. Want to be his trainer?"

Prayers of the Bible

WILLIAM M. HALL

Here are some of the more unusual and better known prayers of the Bible. How many of them can you associate with their petitioners? (Answers on page 17.)

1. Who prayed that it might rain, then prayed that it might not?
a) Jeremiah b) Elijah c) Shammah
2. Who prayed inside a fish?
a) Adonijah b) Hazael c) Jonah
3. When did an all-day prayer meeting of 450 fail?
a) At the Red Sea b) Fall of Sodom and Gomorrah
c) At the gathering of the prophets of Baal
4. Who staged a praying contest between two religions?
a) Elijah b) Elisha c) Ezekiel
5. Who thanked God that he was not like other men?
a) The thief on the cross b) the Pharisee c) the publican
6. What king's life was lengthened 15 years through prayer?
a) Solomon b) Ahasuerus c) Hezekiah
7. Who prayed for success in finding a wife for his master's son?
a) The rich young ruler b) Abraham's servant c) "a certain young man"
8. Who prayed three times that a "thorn in the flesh" might be removed?
a) Peter b) Luke c) Paul
9. Who prayed that his enemies' sins might not be laid to their charge?
a) Ananias b) Stephen c) Barnabas
10. What great king prayed for wisdom to rule his people?
a) Solomon b) David c) Saul



*Love,
not Hate,
was his Credo*

From Slave Boy To College President

GLENN D. EVERETT

THE United States has issued a commemorative stamp honoring perhaps the most humble edifice ever pictured on a postage stamp. It is the rude log cabin on a Virginia cotton plantation where in 1856 there was born a little Negro slave boy who was destined to become one of the immortal men of American history, Booker T. Washington.

The cabin, which is now a shrine, has no floor and no glass panes in its "potato holes" windows. Dr. Washington, in his autobiography, *Up from Slavery*, recalled that it had no furniture, not even a bed.

"Meals were gotten by the slave children very much as the dumb animals got theirs," he said. "It was a slice of bread here and a piece of meat there. It was a cup of milk at at one time and some potatoes at another."

The roughest, discarded part of the flax grown on the plantation was made into clothes for the slaves' children. Dr. Washington said, "I cannot imagine any torture, except per-

haps the pulling of a tooth, that is equal to the agony of putting on a new flax shirt for the first time."

His mother, a beautiful and intelligent woman, was a cook in the home of the plantation master. He never knew his father. Shortly before his birth, his mother had "attracted the attention of a purchaser who thereafter became her owner and mine."

"Her addition to the slave family attracted about as much attention as the purchase of a new horse or cow," he observed. She was given this rude cabin for herself and her two little ones, soon, with Booker's birth, to become three.

It was a time of change, however. Booker's most vivid memory of his youth was waking in the middle of the night to find his mother kneeling over her children, offering a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the Emancipation Proclamation signed by President Abraham Lincoln. She was imploring God for the success of Lincoln's cause in the war then in

progress, so that her children might be free.

With the end of the war they were freed. They made their way on foot 400 miles to Charleston, W. Va., where Booker, at the age of nine, went to work in a salt mine to help support the family. Soon he managed to enroll in school. When the teacher asked his last name, however, he didn't even know it. He suggested "Washington" because George Washington was one of his heroes. Actually, it was Taliaferro. Hence the "T," which he added in later life.

Booker was convinced that freedom meant nothing unless he also had education. In 1872, with all his belongings in a battered suitcase, he set out for Hampton Institute (Va.) to pursue higher education. He supported himself by serving as a school janitor. Ultimately he received a degree in education and became a teacher in Philadelphia.

In 1881, at the age of 25, he was called to Tuskegee, Ala., where a group of white people had decided to start a school to train Negroes and had obtained a grant from the state legislature. Washington immediately began training them in trades and skills. Thus they could learn to do something other than raise cotton and could go out and teach other Negroes to help themselves.

Along with the technical training, however, he insisted that Tuskegee Institute give Christian character training. His philosophy, as expressed in a chapel talk one Sunday evening, has validity for all young people at all times and places.

"Educated men and women, especially those in high school and college," Dr. Washington observed,

"very often get the idea that religion is fit only for the common people and is beneath the interest and sympathy of the educated man. In too many cases, they think that to express doubts as to religion and the future life is an indication of a vigorous, independent mind. No young man or woman can make a greater error than this."

Criticizing those who thought religion only a way to escape or mitigate some future eternal punishment, Dr. Washington declared, "Every day is a judgment day. We reap our rewards daily. Whenever we sin, we are punished by mental and physical anxiety and by a weakened character that separates us from God. If we learn God's laws and grow into his likeness, we shall find our reward in this world in a life of usefulness and honor."

Under such inspired leadership, Tuskegee grew rapidly in enrollment and resources. Washington became one of the most sought-after speakers in America. In 1891 Harvard University conferred a doctor's degree upon him. In 1901 President Theodore Roosevelt invited him to dine at the White House.

By the time of his death, in 1915, Dr. Washington was one of the most celebrated educators in the world. And Tuskegee, which started with forty illiterate students and a faculty of three in an abandoned cotton gin, had 1,500 students and a faculty of 197.

Paying tribute to him, his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, said, "As nearly as any mortal I have ever met, he lived up to Micah's verse: 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?'"



■ A student at New York University's Bronx campus studies in the colonnade of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans. Around him are five of the 83 bronze memorials erected to date in the national shrine to honor distinguished citizens of the past. Nominations for the Hall of Fame are made by the public. A college of electors, which consists of prominent persons representing many fields of endeavor and all 48 states, then selects the candidates for enshrinement. Elections are conducted every five years.

HALL OF FAME *for Great Americans*

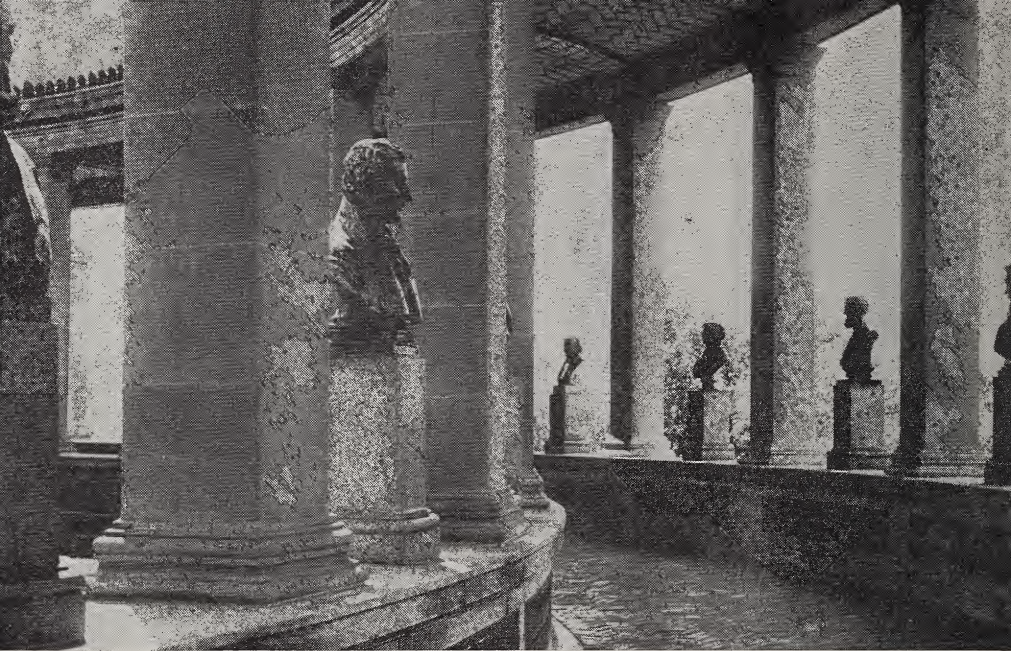
DURING its 56 years, the Hall of Fame for Great Americans has been paid the compliment of imitation many times. Today there exist, among others, a baseball hall of fame, a cowboy hall of fame, and an advertising and retailing hall of fame.

But the shrine that faces the New Jersey Palisades from high ground on the western end of New York University's Bronx campus remains a truly unique monument to giants

of achievement in various fields.

In the open-air colonnade there are, at the present time, the bronze likenesses of 83 men and eight women. Some were nation builders, diplomats, and statesmen. Some were military heroes, poets, educators, astronomers, zoologists, physicists, doctors, botanists, and authors. All made outstanding contributions to our culture and heritage.

A visitor to the Hall of Fame is



■ Bronze busts of six renowned scientists are shown here in a section of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans at New York University. They are: Alexander Graham Bell, inventor; Eli Whitney, inventor; Louis Agassiz, zoologist; Maria Mitchell, astronomer; James Buchanan Eads, engineer; and Asa Gray, botanist. At present there are 83 famous Americans of the past enshrined in the Hall of Fame. Twelve former presidents have been chosen for the honor, but to date only 11 of them have been placed in the "statesmen's pavilion" in the shrine. A bust of Woodrow Wilson, who was elected in 1950, was added in 1956.

greeted by these words carved on the entrance gate: "Enter with joy that those within have lived."

Walking through the colonnade, which winds for a quarter of a mile along the University Heights campus, the visitor sees a bronze bust and a tablet for each of the famous persons. Looking out to the west and below the campus, he views the northern tip of Manhattan and the Hudson and Harlem river valleys.

The late Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, former chancellor, wanted it to "know no South or North; no West or East." He had in mind a monument that would "overrule the sectional and partisan outcry" and

become an educational influence of great value for youth. The Hall of Fame, Dr. MacCracken wrote at the time of the dedication ceremonies in 1901, "will teach young people that leaders in science and scholarship may be as great as military and naval heroes."

There are many whose careers were once involved in sectional and partisan disputes. Now they are recognized for the enduring contributions they made to the nation. Party labels are forgotten. Among this distinguished group are Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Henry Ward Beecher, and Booker T. Wash-

ington. Symbolic of the unity that was forged in the strife of the Civil War, Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant sit side by side in the colonnade.

Many of the nation's founding fathers also have places in the Hall of Fame. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, James Monroe, and Patrick Henry are honored in the statesmen's pavilion.

Appropriately, the Hall of Fame is located on ground that played a part in the birth of the nation. In 1776, Washington's army clashed with the British in a bitter battle on University Heights. Later, from that point, British cannon thundered threateningly at American positions across the Harlem River.

Among the "leaders in science and scholarship" is Maria Mitchell, a woman astronomer who discovered a comet in an age when women were restricted largely to the home. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, are there. Mary Lyon, a crusader for educational facilities for women, and Horace Mann, father of the public education system in America, take their place. John James Audubon, pioneer naturalist; Dr. Walter Reed, conqueror of yellow fever, and Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, all are honored.

A few of the others who have been honored are Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Susan B. Anthony, John Marshall, Edwin Booth, Stephen Collins Foster, James Whistler, and Daniel Boone.

TO ACHIEVE ELECTION TO THE Hall of Fame, a candidate must have been dead at least 25 years.

The year 1955 was an election year. By the deadline for nominations in April, thousands of letters from all parts of the nation had been received. Dr. MacCracken would have been pleased with the extent of participation by young people. More than a thousand nominations were sent in by National Honor Society chapters in high schools in this country and American schools in Germany, Hawaii, Austria, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Canal Zone. When the final list had been compiled, there were 209 names to be considered.

Final selection of the winning candidates is made by a College of Electors. This consists of 125 eminent Americans chosen for the purpose by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, director of the shrine, and the New York University Senate. The electors come from all 48 states and represent many fields of endeavor. Many of them are famous persons who may someday be elected to the Hall of Fame. In fact, four former electors—Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Alice Freeman Palmer—already have achieved that honor. Another former elector is Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The scope and ideals of the shrine appear in the words carved on the eight pediments of the colonnade:

The Hall of Fame
For Great Americans
By Wealth of Thought
Or Else by Mighty Deed
They Served Mankind
In Noble Character
In World-Wide Good
They Live Forever More.

YANKEE SANDMAN

MAURICE CULLEN, JR.

HE couldn't get to see the world, so he brought the world and all its fascination into his home. Who is he? George H. Davis of Cambridge, Mass., and Nashua, N.H.

The 26-year-old shipper is having the time of his life peering at slides beneath his microscope. "I can visit any clime or country simply by peeping into that lens."

What Mr. Davis refers to is one of the most unique hobbies imaginable—sand collecting. He has collected samples from just about every nation, place of interest, and out-of-the-way corner of the globe. His den is crowded with bottles, baskets, jars, test tubes, and slides, all containing samples of sand.

The collection was begun by his father, the late Homer A. Davis, more than 20 years ago. It is now the largest in the United States, and probably the world's most extensive.

Back in the summer of 1930, the elder Mr. Davis paid a visit to Old Orchard Beach in Maine. While basking in the sun at the popular resort, he got to wondering about the fine grains that made up the assorted dunes along the water line. His fin-

gers sifted the sand almost without his realizing it.

When he became conscious of his actions, he gathered a fistful and studied its color and texture. He noted the countless minute beads that glittered in the light.

He took a sample home with him. He made plans to do the same every time he visited a beach that summer. This was the beginning of a venture that ultimately was to give him contacts just about anywhere in the world where water and a bleaching sun have their effects upon the earth.

At the end of that first summer, Mr. Davis had dozens of tubes of sand from beaches he had visited. His interest in sand gradually pointed to all corners of the earth.

In the beginning, he contacted friends in various parts of the country, asking them to send samples of their sand. The response was gratifying. Almost at once, envelopes began to arrive at his home.

He received samples from scientific expeditions in far-flung lands, often probing unexplored regions. Government officials as far away as



Australia and New Caledonia heard about Mr. Davis and sent excellent sand samples to him.

The Davis name first became nationally famous for sand in 1938, when Mr. Davis appeared by invitation on the network radio show "Hobby Lobby." He talked about his collection and requested additional samples from listeners. That appeared to be the clincher. Mr. Davis soon became the official American sandman.

UNDER THE OMINOUS WAR CLOUDS that covered the earth in the 1940's, and again in the Korean crisis, battle-weary servicemen took time out from hazardous duties to send samples. Thus the collection reached gigantic proportions.

Now son George has specimens from all 48 states of the Union and its possessions, all South American countries, Panama, Palestine, the Ganges. He has the barking sands of Hawaii, and sands from Antarctica and South Africa. A special tube

holds the sample taken from the lofty summit of Mount Sinai.

Other samples were taken from between the ageless, hand-carved paws of the Sphinx and from the Pool of Siloam in the Holy Land. He has sand from the Singing Dunes of Arabia, where the *ping* of plucked harpstrings reverberates across the desert stillness.

Favorites are the particles gathered up after the first test explosion of the atomic bomb, and the dark, volcanic dust from Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi.

One of the most unique pieces, however, is the soil, now treasured in a small, juglike container, taken from the deepest canyon in the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, the playground of Neptune.

"Sand collecting," says George Davis, "has a distinct advantage over other kinds of collecting. Sand is not man-made, as are stamps, coins, and the like. Sand is as old as the planet on which we live, remaining forever, throughout the centuries."

Mr. Davis keeps detailed records of each sample received, typing out short case histories on index cards, and filing these with the tubes. From each specimen he takes a small portion with which he makes microscopic slides.

The many who have seen the Davis collection on exhibition at his home, or at such places as Mechanics Hall and Horticultural Hall in Boston, and at local churches and Grange meetings, are genuinely interested. They marvel at the symmetry and beauty which unfolds under the polished lenses of the microscope. One must see it for himself to appreciate fully the radiance of the jewel-like stones as they appear when magnified. Though only grains of sand, they closely resemble priceless gems,

rich with the color and brilliance that create treasures.

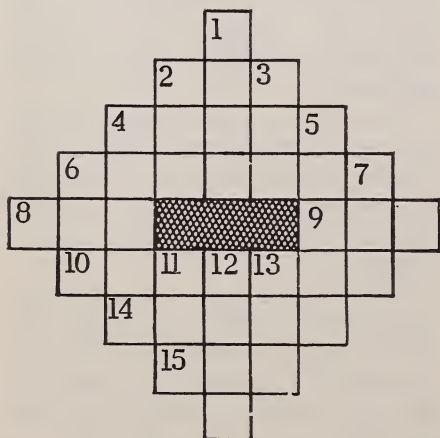
Mr. Davis sums it up this way: "Through the microscope the door to one of nature's hidden beauties is opened. Yes, sand can be beautiful. It is not just some pesky element that gets into our shoes and sandwiches at the beach. It can be found in all colors and shapes. It is one of the intrinsically wonderful things that nature has given us. If the stories connected with the samples hold no interest for the viewer, he cannot fail to appreciate what he sees."

The collection being almost complete, Mr. Davis now eyes with eagerness a possible rocket flight to the moon and other members of the solar system. If such faraway places have sand, he wants some of it.

LINK-O-GRAM

by Joseph C. Stacey

(Solution on page 35)

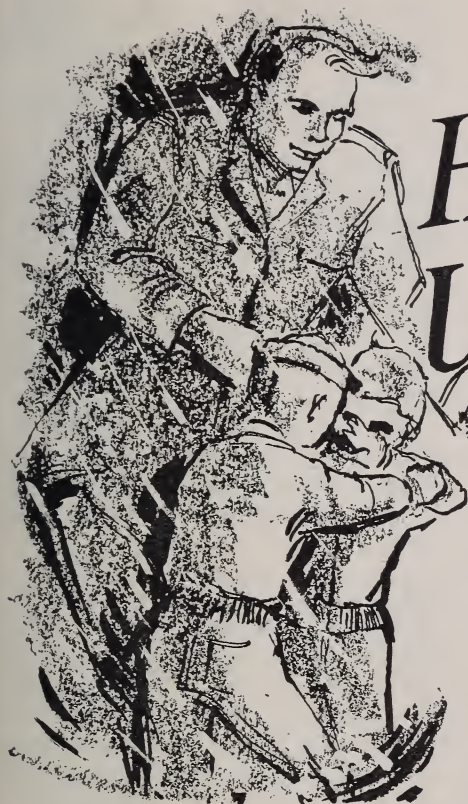


DOWN

1. Greatest in number
2. A vocal sound made to indicate contempt
3. Consumed
4. Crawl
5. Before this
6. A seed vessel of a plant
7. Ensnare
11. A beverage
12. A float made of logs or planks
13. Play; feign

ACROSS

2. A large, nonpoisonous serpent
4. Expenditures
6. Meat, milk, eggs, cheese contain this compound
8. A flat-bladed implement used for digging, tilling
9. Modern; recent
10. To take or draw away
14. Calm; repose
15. Of or near the stern



HE KEPT US WARM

M. ALEXANDER ARTHUR

MARK HENRY loved the wild seashore even in winter. Whenever he had a few free hours he would slip off alone from the Army base where he was stationed. With two or three sandwiches in his pocket, he would not return until he was due.

Today was the first time the young soldier had ever seen anyone else on the beach in the winter. The two small boys in the distance looked as if they might be the twin sons of Colonel Avery, the commanding officer in charge at the base.

The boys acted as if they were very sure as to where they were going. Mark knew that the Colonel's wife had been in the hospital for the

past few days. He surmised that the boys must have escaped the vigilance of whoever was in charge of them.

The Colonel's pet aversion among the men at the base was Mark Henry. There was generally a button slightly off line on Mark's uniform. He was often up on charges for untidiness, or for impertinence when a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth and eyes. The smile was perfectly natural for Mark, but the Colonel thought there was no excuse for it and ordered him to control it.

Today there was a threat of snow in the air. As Mark watched the two small figures in the distance, he idly wondered if there was danger of snow within the next two or three hours.

He turned and wandered on up the beach away from the boys. His head was full of random thoughts, but he made a subconscious note of the fact that the lowering sky was becoming grayer and grayer.

Then suddenly he realized that the world was turning white. Great, soft flakes were coming down like a

curtain, so thick that one could barely see through them.

He turned back in the direction of the base, hoping he would have no trouble finding his way through the heavy snow. Then he remembered the two small figures he had seen going down the shore. He quickened his pace and groped through the blanket of snow.

He knew the two boys were sturdy, stocky little chaps. But they could not be more than five or six years old. Had they been missed? What would happen if the blizzard became heavier and the boys took a wrong turn? They could walk into the sea, or wander off the shore and up among the dunes. It could happen so easily.

The sand was hard enough to walk through. If the snow kept up, it would be still harder. He would have to hurry. If the wind should rise, there would be little or no chance for them to find their way.

Probably he was the only person who had any idea where the boys were. Increasing his stride again and hurrying back toward where he had last seen them, Mark began to call in his strong voice. He hoped that it would carry even with the wind shrieking through the heavy curtain of snow.

He would never find them, he began to think. Perhaps he had already passed them. But he did not dare turn back. He kept doggedly on, calling louder than ever. If they weren't too far from the shore they might hear his voice and call out.

Then, in the dense whiteness, he found himself looking down into two pairs of frightened blue eyes. The boys had their arms around each other's shoulders as if to protect each

other. They were standing motionless, looking up at him like small statues.

"We heard you," one of them said at last. "Did Daddy send you?"

"Why, yes," Mark Henry said, adding to himself a prayer of thanksgiving and a request for guidance. "We are to go right back, and we must hurry a little. It will get dark soon. We must get back to camp by then. The moon won't come out, you know, with all this snow coming down."

They were perfectly willing to turn back. They knew Daddy was back at camp. They trusted the big soldier to know just where to take them.

WALKING WITH TWO SMALL BOYS in tow was not too easy. Mark did not dare run, but the sooner he got them back and in front of a fire, the better it would be. Colonel Avery might think he had lured them away and might blame him. He must not think about that now! The important thing was to get them back to camp safely:

"What are your names, buddies?" Mark asked. "Buddies always have to know each other's names," he said as he started them on the way back to camp.

"I'm Davie," one of the boys said. "And I'm Dickie," the other one chimed in. "What's yours?"

"Mine's Mark," he answered. "You know, like one of the four men who wrote in the Bible—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Well, I'm Mark. And I'm very glad to meet you two boys."

"We're going to march like soldiers," he went on, "and we are going to listen very hard. Some one might call us, and we must hear them and

call back. So now, here we go. Get in step. Forward, march!"

The two boys fell into the spirit of the game and began to march sturdily along through the deepening snow.

Mark wondered how far the boys could go before they would be overcome with weariness. But he knew that it would be fatal to allow them to stop and rest.

Then he remembered the sandwiches in his pocket. They would help. The boys' faces lit up when they saw the food. He handed each of them a half sandwich. He would eat half a sandwich himself. The other sandwich and a half would act as a bracer when the going began to get rougher.

The three trudged on. Mark hoped that they would be missed and a search started before too long. The snow seemed always to be coming down heavier.

Then he remembered his shouting had been heard by the boys. Maybe he could start the boys singing.

"Let's sing, boys," he said. "If we sing, someone may hear us and know where we are. Now—all together—

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Mark stripped off his coat as they were singing and draped it over their shoulders. Each boy put an arm in one of the sleeves and held the other arm around his brother's waist.

"Nice, isn't it?" Mark said. "But we mustn't stop. We'll eat the other sandwich now," he said, giving half to each boy, "then we'll all start singing again." Even while he handed out the second half sandwich, Mark kept

up the song. His beautiful rolling tones carried out through the muffling storm.

Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

The boys' feet were beginning to drag when Mark heard the shout. Then a jeep loomed out of the semi-darkness. It stopped, and three figures jumped out and came running toward them.

Colonel Avery dropped to his knees in the snow and put his arms around his small sons' shoulders. Looking up at Mark, he said, "How did you know?"

"I didn't know. I often walk on the beach when I'm off duty. Today I saw these two little fellows going down the shore. When the snow started, I hurried after them."

"He kept us warm," one of the twins said.

"And he gave us sandwiches," the other piped up, "and taught us a song."

Answers to "Prayers of the Bible"
(page 6)

- 1b—Elijah (I Kings 18:42-45; I Kings 17:1)
2c—Jonah (Jonah 2:1)
3c—Prophets of Baal (I Kings 18:26-29)
4a—Elijah (I Kings 18:20-40)
5b—The Pharisee (Luke 18:11)
6c—Hezekiah (II Kings 20:3-6)
7b—Abraham's servant (Genesis 24:12-14)
8c—Paul (II Corinthians 12:8)
9b—Stephen (Acts 7:60)
10a—Solomon (I Kings 3:5-9)



Sailor Undaunted

DOUGLAS HUNT

HAVE you ever asked yourself how you would stand up to martyrdom?

Perhaps you think the question could not arise nowadays. Yet many a humble Christian endured humiliation, torture, and death at the hands of Hitler's henchmen.

The most famous of them survived to proclaim the Word of God. But for eight years he suffered imprisonment, four of them in solitary confinement. He refused to distort his preaching to suit the convenience of Germany's dictator.

Young Martin Niemöller certainly did not look like a future martyr. Sturdy son of a Lutheran pastor, he had made up his mind at the age of four to join the Navy.

He was not a lad who thought it was sissy to study hard. A fine sportsman, he was also a first-class student. When he graduated from the Naval Academy at Kiel, he was second only to a prince.

The outbreak of the first World War found the young lieutenant a torpedo officer on the battleship *Thüringen*. Thanks largely to the alertness of the British Navy, month

after month went by without even a prospect of action on the high seas. Like most of his young comrades, Niemöller chafed at inaction.

He got a transfer to submarines. In April 1916 he made his first Mediterranean trip in U 73. In 1917, as first officer of the U 151, he made the longest submarine cruise of the war. It lasted 116 days, and was highly successful. He was in action three times and finally brought his boat through the straits of Otranto and Gibraltar back to Kiel. He was one of the very few officers who won the most coveted of all German awards, the *Pour le mérite*.

In 1919 he refused to sail to England to deliver up two submarines and had to leave the service.

Early in his career, he had married the sister of a fellow officer. Their family of seven children was already started. The young submarine commander was now faced with the problem of providing for himself and his family. Like many veterans in all the warring nations, he found it by no means easy.

At first he worked on the land, intent on saving enough to buy his own

farm. But something else was fermenting in him. Suddenly he informed his wife that he was going to enter the ministry.

With devoted loyalty, she refrained from pointing out to him that, though a farm laborer earned but little, a theological student earned nothing at all. His pension would neither feed nor clothe his family.

Young Martin had been brought up in the tradition of *Königstreue*. It was that which led to his final act of mutiny in the Navy. Now he was going to show a lifelong devotion to a new king—King Jesus. Difficulties were made only to be overcome.

While a student at the Münster University, he fed himself and his family by working as a railway ganger. Even during his first curacy in 1924, he continued to eke out his tiny salary as a railway clerk. The slim, rangy body harbored an unlimited capacity for work.

This was soon recognized. After six months, he was offered the post of organizer of the Westphalian section of the "Inner Mission." This may be compared with the "Life and Liberty Movement" which was making such strides in England at the time.

The work grew from year to year. It meant traveling all over the country. Already his friends were beginning to pray affectionately for him, "Protect, O Lord, thy servant Martin, for thou alone knowest where he is."

In 1931, however, came the opportunity to settle down and devote at least a part of his time to his family. He was offered the post of vicar of the smart Berlin suburb of Dahlem. It held a great future—though not what his superiors expected.

In the early days of the Hitler movement, Niemöller, like many other men of good will, thought it had something to offer a nation that was rent from top to bottom by party hates. Unemployment, with its attendant misery, had reached catastrophic proportions. Perhaps Hitler would do something to weld the nation into one and to provide work and bread, as he so freely promised.

Niemöller was one of the first of such men to be disillusioned.

It was not long before Hitler had created what he called the "German Christian Church." It was German first, and Christian a long way after. Niemöller made it abundantly clear from his pulpit in Dahlem that, while he and his brethren recognized the authority of the state in civil matters, they firmly rejected any interference with their exposition of the gospel. The vows he had taken when he was ordained were to God and to none other. It was a challenge that roused the nation to assent or bitter opposition.

I was living in Berlin at the time and remember the wave of fervor that Niemöller's Dahlem sermons aroused in the many opponents of the new regime. I remember how he preached in one of Berlin's great churches, surrounded by a bodyguard of young theological students. I remember the frantic endeavors to entice the rebel into the "German Christian" fold, from which the Master himself would have been excluded by the "Aryan paragraph."

It was his rejection of this bit of wickedness that first brought Niemöller into a direct clash with authority. In September 1933 he was suspended from his office. In the same month, he founded the Emergency

League of Clergymen. He had already organized the Confessional Church in opposition to the German Christians.

We knew that the heroic gospel fighter would not long be tolerated. He too must have known that at any time might come that crash on the door in the middle of the night.

Yet for some time the pagan gang at Germany's helm dared not lay their hands on Martin. His reputation was now international. The Bishop of Chichester wrote of him, "Dr. Martin Niemöller's name is famous throughout Christendom. He is a preacher of the Word of God, and he proclaims that Word without fear. I know no braver Christian, nor one in whom the light of faith burns brighter."

On January 25, 1934, Niemöller met Hitler personally. The meeting was arranged by Goering, who, for all his faults, knew a man when he saw one. Boldly the pastor outfaced the tyrant as neither general nor statesman dared to do.

"You have told me," he said, "that I must leave the care of the German people to you. To that I reply that neither you nor anyone else in the world is in the position to relieve us as Christians and churchmen of the responsibility for our people laid on us by God."

It was not until 1937 that Pastor Niemöller was finally arrested. After a sermon in which he trounced the Gestapo and defended the good name of the brethren who had remained faithful to their Christian beliefs and had been arrested in consequence, he was taken.

There were still judges in Germany who remained unafraid. They found him guilty of subversive action

against the regime. But they rejected the charge of treason and set him free. As he left the court, he was seized by the Gestapo.

His prestige was such that during his eight years of imprisonment he was not subjected to actual physical ill-treatment. Boldly he protested against the torture and murder of his fellow prisoners. This procured for him four years of solitary confinement. One of his three daughters died while he was in concentration camp. With typical refinement of cruelty, his guards refused to tell him which one.

He lived in almost daily expectation of death. As the end of the war drew near, he and several others were taken to a valley in the Tyrol where they were to be murdered. Even then the hand of God was over him.

At the last moment a company of German soldiers disarmed the SS guards, and later they handed the prisoners over to some American troops. He was released in 1945, ten days before the completion of his eighth year of imprisonment.

Freedom he knew at last, but not peace. He is a man of iron principles, and those principles do not always meet with the approval of his colleagues. Many of his fellow countrymen objected to his signing the Confession of Stuttgart. This stated: "We accuse ourselves [the church in Germany] of not having spoken out more bravely, of not having prayed more faithfully, of not having believed more gladly, of not having loved more ardently."

After the war he toured the world, telling its peoples how Germany's Christians fared after 13 years of pagan oppression.

MY KIND OF

TV PEEVER

DORIS ISAAK

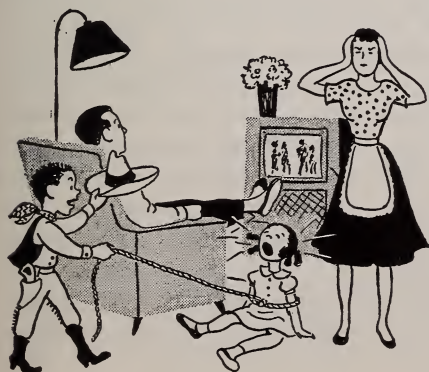
TELEVISION viewing, like any creative pastime, is an art in itself. It requires not only the taste and selectivity of a connoisseur but good old ordinary etiquette as well.

However, among the millions of Americans who are devoted TV watchers, too many never think to apply the basic rules. As a result, they haven't learned how to televise happily with others.

These violators of the code—TV Peevers—come with various characteristics, all spelling annoyance to others. Do you recognize any of these individuals?

THE CONCENTRATION EXPERT

He selects his program, sinks back into the comfiest chair, and becomes



completely engrossed. Nothing can shake this fellow. He won't budge.

Screech his name, blow a moose horn, or wave your hands in his face to communicate a message of dire importance. You might as well be thin air on the moon. At least, you're out of *his* world.

The telephone can ring, the baby cry, the chandelier crash to a thousand pieces; he's none the wiser.

It's a clever idea to save up your "I just drove the car through the garage" or "I bought the cutest hanging flowerpot for \$29.95" stories for a time such as this. The Lone Ranger will drown them out every time.

THE SH-SH-SH-ER

In quite another light we see the Sh-sh-sh-er. Silence is really golden to this chap while he televises. He can't stand sound from any other corner. He sits so quietly, like our Concentration Expert, that you forget he's still there.

But just open your mouth to whisper, "What's the time?" and he's at your throat, "Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-ing" you for all he's worth.

"Quiet now, can't you see that I want to hear this program? This is the big act. You pick a time like this



to gab, gab, gab. Honestly, some people don't have any regard for anybody else. . . ." On and on he sputters until the big act is over, and he's missed the whole thing. Naturally, he blames you for it all.

THE GOURMAND

Then we have the Gourmand. Those fitting into this category are not as noisy as some peevers. But they aren't safe to sit next to. This species is the equivalent of the theater popcorn-muncher.

He can't be happy watching with an empty mouth. Anything from po-



tato chips to sardines helps this character digest his favorite program. He leaves in his wake crumbs, wrappings, cores, and dirty dishes—for someone else to reassemble.

There comes a hushed moment in the drama. The ill-fated lovers enjoy their farewell embrace. Old Crunch-Crunch, in a corner devouring his victuals at breakneck speed, provides background sound effects.

It's amazing that this fellow never fills himself up, wears out a jaw, or something tragic like that. At every commercial he races to the kitchen to fortify himself for another long half-hour of strenuous televiewing.

But ask him to bring you back a glass of water, and you're expecting the world on a silver tray. The truth is that he can't afford the space on his overloaded tray.

THE ADJUSTER

There is usually an Adjuster in every crowd. This bird is never satisfied with the reception. You're perfectly happy with a bright, clear picture. Then, at a crucial moment, he decides it's not quite bright enough. He leaps up to adjust, without a word of warning.

He succeeds—in tuning out the sound and tuning in ear-piercing static. He throws the whole focus out of whack. By the time the picture has finished its acrobatic flutters and flop-overs and friend Adjuster is satisfied, you've lost interest in the whole thing. The picture looks just as it did when he started anyway. Well, no, it *is* a bit more blurred.

This same guy has a program to which he's faithful at nine every Tuesday night. But that once when you're watching with him, he decides to see if what he's heard about that



umentary television. If the script doesn't provide for a narrator, he assumes the responsibility. He gives a running commentary throughout.

We're enjoying (?) a suspense movie: "Oh, that's the mother-in-law. I know she's the one who set the trap. She's that type—the sneaky kind, you know. I sure wouldn't trust her. Say, did you see that door open just then? I'm sure it did. Well, it can't be the cops yet; there's still 20 minutes left. No, wait now, I'll take the old man as the bad egg—just a hunch. Ever since he stole that stick of dynamite, I've been wondering about him."

play on Channel 66 is really true.

But ten minutes of the play later, just when you're beginning to wonder if the hero is really going to throw his sweetheart out into the streets, he leaps up with that gleam in his eye and flicks the knob ruthlessly: "Man, they sure were wrong about that one. It's lousy!"

THE COMMENTATOR

In this category, probably the most common among TV Peever, we include the guy who prefers doc-

We're engrossed in a quiz give-away show: "Gee, that dummy can't answer anything. The answer is 'Jackson'—any fool would know. See, what did I tell you? I know them all. Boy, imagine me with that stack of loot—all for a silly little question. Gosh, that guy's a card. He won't even let the M.C. get a question in edgewise. Wow, is he gabby—and not funny in the least. Oh well, you know some people. . . ."

We certainly do!

DID YOU KNOW—

That bullfighting originated in ancient Crete?

That the soldiers in ancient Roman and Greek armies developed horseshoe pitching as a sport?

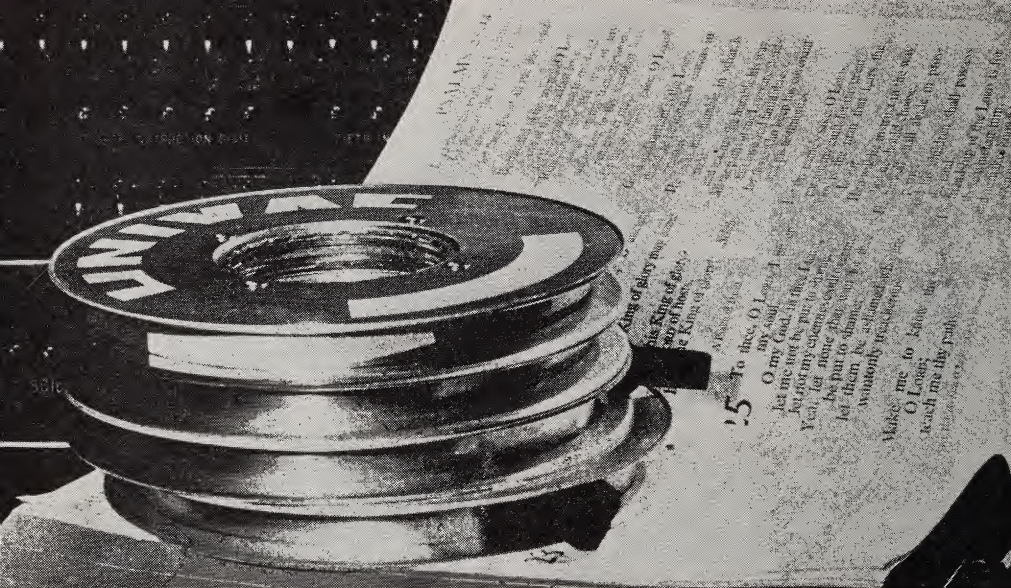
That skis were once made of animal bones?

That a curve ball tossed by a baseball pitcher spins upward of 1400 revolutions per minute?

That Charles Dickens, the famed author of *A Christmas Carol* and *David Copperfield*, among other books, was once a sports writer?

That the late General George S. Patton participated in the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm, Sweden? (He competed in the tough "modern pentathlon," finishing fourth.)

—JOSEPH C. STACEY



■ These four reels of metal magnetic tape contain the entire contents of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Remington Rand's Univac is now preparing, for publication in February, a complete concordance of more than 350,000 contexts.

THE BIBLE and "UNIVAC"

IN a dramatic merger of the old and new, a complete concordance of the Holy Bible—the first since the James Strong *Exhaustive Concordance* of 1894—is now being compiled electronically by Remington Rand's large-scale "Univac." Publication is expected early in 1957.

In the first step of this compilation, the entire Revised Standard Version of the Bible was put on four reels of metal magnetic tape. Thus the most modern recording medium was used in conjunction with the ancient Scriptures.

A concordance is an alphabetical

listing of the location of every word in the Bible. This new one has been planned for five years. Experimentation and testing have been going on since 1953.

The Strong concordance required 30 years of effort on the part of James Strong. The new one will be ready in a fraction of that time. The publishers, Thomas Nelson and Sons, plan to release the book for Christmas.

The testing has included preparation of a concordance for two books of the Bible. First it was done in the regular scholarly manner by hand;

then, by the "Univac." When the machine did in a few hours what the scholar did in several weeks, the new method was approved.

Every one of the more than 800,000 words in the 1952 translation has been recorded on four metal magnetic tapes used by the giant computer. As the words are fed into the electronic data processing system for the tape, the computer stores all but 132 frequently used short words in its mercury "memory." It arranges the stored words alphabetically along with their context and location in the Bible. It lists book, chapter, and verse. The printed concordance will contain more than 350,000 items.

The first step in the gigantic undertaking was to record the entire Revised Standard Version onto magnetic tape by means of the "Unityper." This machine has a keyboard much like a standard typewriter. The typist copied letters, numerals, and punctuation exactly as they appeared in the Bible. The "Unityper" automatically translated each character into a series of magnetic dots on the tape. The process was started in February, 1955, and completed in November, a nine-month task with all 800,000 words recorded on just four reels of tape.

The computer rejects automatically all articles, short conjunctions, short adverbs, frequently used short verbs, and most prepositions. Scanning each word on the magnetic tape, the "Univac" makes, at the speed of light, eight successive comparisons to determine whether or not the word is to be stored, then automatically sorts the stored words and their contexts alphabetically. Out of the system comes a printed listing of every context containing

each word, arranged according to order of appearance in the Bible. It gives a complete description of its location. For example:

ANOTHER

and said to one A., "Who then is
Mk 4.41
And they discussed it with one A.,
8.16

In the meantime, the means for carefully checking the accuracy of the tapes were being readied. A complete set of punched cards was prepared independently, containing the same information as the tapes. The cards were processed through a card-to-tape converter, which produced a second series of four tapes for checking against the first series.

Utilizing the ability of the machine to compare likes and unlikes electronically, both series of tapes were fed into the systems. Every discrepancy due to transcription was noted. A corrected series of tapes was prepared.

Gearing "Univac" for the enormous task of word grouping and alphabetizing was assigned to a highly specialized programming team. A four-step routine of instructions was set up. In step one "Univac" was given instructions for identifying the key word and building up its context and location. In step two the computer was told how to eliminate the 132 words that were not to be processed. Step three assigned numerical weights to initial letters in order to arrange them in alphabetical order.

In the final step, the system was told how to edit the data ready for typesetting. This editing process makes certain that the contexts are correctly arranged in order of appearance in the Bible within each word classification.

Once programmed, the computer can scan all four tapes in a little more than fifteen minutes. This produces, with the speed of light, any item of information for the printed output. The machine will record the entire concordance on tape in about 120 hours. Pulsing at the incredible rate of 2,250,000 times per second, the system releases, in the order of the programmed routine, the ninety-one electronic pulses that make a word and records them on the output magnetic tape.

This tape, in turn, operates the "Unityper," which prints, on manuscript sheets ready for typesetting, the contexts that the computer has now arranged in alphabetic sequence. It is estimated that the completed copy for all of the 350,000 contexts will be turned out in 1000 hours.

The material is then delivered to the typesetters, who will follow the usual procedure for the manufacture of a book. The concordance will be a 2000-page volume selling for \$15.00.

The idea of producing a concordance of the Revised Standard Version through electronic means was first conceived by the Rev. John W.

Ellison, rector of the Church of the Epiphany (Protestant Episcopal) of Winchester, Mass. He was preparing his thesis for a doctor's degree at Harvard Divinity School. He has been referred to as the only man in the world with a knowledge both of the Bible and of computers.

While working with electronic digital computers at Harvard, Mr. Ellison first realized that the gigantic sorting job required for the concordance could be accomplished in a matter of hours once the electronic equipment was properly programmed and the magnetic tapes prepared. He talked over his idea with Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, professor of Bible and a member of the committee that prepared the Revised Standard Version.

Programmers of the New York City Univac Computing Center worked under Mr. Ellison's guidance to make the test. When the results proved highly satisfactory, the real work of processing the entire Bible was begun.

What followed is biblical history. The concordance will be available in slightly more than four years after publication of the Bible itself.

Animal Crackerettes

The butterfly was first called the flutterby.

A turtle can go for a whole year without food.

A cat in Chelsea, Mass., had no tail when born, then sprouted three.

The oldest of all living winged insects is the common cockroach.

Mouse milk sells for \$10,000 a quart at Columbia University.

The common snail has 125 rows of 105 teeth—a total of 13,125.

—HAROLD HELFER

THOUGHT / *for a "New Year"*

MABELLE B. McGUIRE

AT the Christmas season we heard again the story of the birth of Christ. It is a wonderful story. But too often it stops with the manger scene.

New Year's Day follows fast on the heels of Christmas. Then we become absorbed with two legendary characters, namely, Father Time and Happy New Year. With all the confusion caused by getting the New Year off to a good start, the sequel to the Christmas story is lost in the shuffle.

The significant point is that the New Year story and the Christmas story are related. Following the ancient Hebrew custom, Mary and Joseph took Jesus to the temple for the presentation ceremony. After making the sacrifice of two doves, they turned to depart, but an old man barred their way.

It was Simeon, the faithful, who for years had prayed that he might look upon the Messiah before he died. Now, instinctively, he knew that the young child carried by the sweet-faced woman was the one he sought. He came forward, took the baby in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The old year, Father Time, fades away, and the New Year, the infant boy, takes his place.

Simeon, at the end of his life, and Jesus, in the hour of his presentation to God, are symbolic of the old Law of Israel and the new dispensation of the Lord. They are symbols of time. With the passing of Simeon, the era known as B.C. ended. With the birth of Christ, the era of A.D. began.

The story of Simeon is found in Luke 2:25-34.

Daily Rations



BY JAMES V. CLAYPOOL

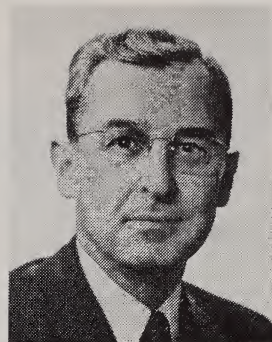
Minister, Trinity Methodist Church, New Bedford, Mass.

THEME: "How to Start the Year Right"

1. **The Kind of Man to Be**Psalms 1:1-16
2. **Will God Take Care of You?**Psalms 23:1-6
3. **Trust in God and Fear Not**Psalms 27:1-14
4. **God Provides and Delivers**Psalms 34:1-22
5. **He Is the Refuge of All**Psalms 46:1-11
6. **For Everything There Is a Time**Ecclesiastes 3:1-14
7. **Present Activity**Luke 13:22-30
8. **Is This an Evil Time?**Amos 5:10-15
9. **Intentions May Misfire**Matthew 16:21-28
10. **The Highest Aim**Luke 9:18-27
11. **The Highest Standard**I Corinthians 13:1-13
12. **The Eternal Purpose**Ephesians 3:14-21
13. **When You Should Not Share**Matthew 25:1-13
14. **Using What You Have**Matthew 25:14-30
15. **Dividing Sheep from Goats**Matthew 25:31-46
16. **The Great Commission**Matthew 28:16-20
17. **Another Commission**Mark 16:14-20
18. **More Last Words**Luke 24:44-53
19. **The Final Word**John 21:15-25
20. **What Is the Kingdom Like?**Matthew 13:1-23
21. **It Is like This**Matthew 13:24-52
22. **Preferment in the Kingdom**Matthew 20:17-28
23. **Laborers in the Kingdom**Matthew 20:1-16
24. **A Shepherd Story**John 10:1-18
25. **The Kingdom Is Within**Luke 17:11-21
26. **Where Do You Fit In?**Galatians 6:1-10
27. **Keen and Open Work**Matthew 5:10-18
28. **The Father's Business**Luke 2:41-52
29. **Working with a Will**John 4:27-38
30. **The Works of Jesus**John 10:27-42
31. **Be Not Lukewarm**Revelation 3:7-22

UNITED

FELLOWSHIP



To Joe Dana--Bon Voyage!

TO express our affection and good wishes for a friend about to begin a journey, we say, "*Bon voyage!*" It is a kind of prayer for his safety, happiness, and success as he takes his way into some new world of travel, experience, adventure, or service.

Together with all of you who have come to know him through the pages of THE LINK, and especially through the warm, friendly, and challenging little editorials that have occupied this space in 54 issues, all of us who have been his fellow workers in the General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel join in saying a hearty *Bon voyage* to Joe Dana.

Joe took off on an exciting journey into a new world of experience and service last September. He left us to become chaplain of the college and professor of religion and philosophy at Blackburn College, Carlinville, Illinois. We shall all miss him.

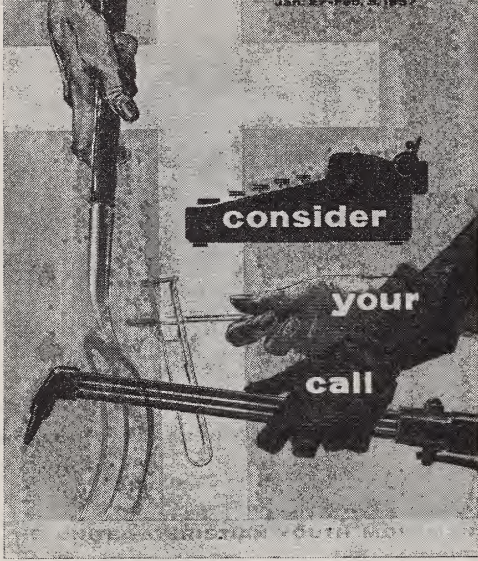
Eventually a new editor will be secured to take over where Joe left off. In the meantime, those of us who remain behind will do our best to keep THE LINK coming to you.

When this issue is published, the new year of 1957 will be close at hand. To me, beginning a new year is always like setting out on a new adventure. Maybe you feel that way too. If so, to each and every one of you—*Bon voyage* in 1957!

Marion J. Creeger

A SERVICE OF WORSHIP

*(Adapted from a service suggested by
the United Christian Youth Movement
for use on Youth Sunday.)*



CALL TO WORSHIP:

Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He who has clean hands and a pure heart,
Who does not lift up his soul to what is false,
And does not swear deceitfully.
He will receive a blessing from the Lord.

INVOCATION:

O Lord our God, great, eternal, wonderful in glory, who keepest covenant and promise for those who love thee with their whole heart, who art the life of all, the help of those who flee to thee, and the hope of those who cry to thee, cleanse us from our sin, and from every thought displeasing to thy goodness. Cleanse our souls and bodies, our hearts and consciences, that with pure hearts and clear minds, with perfect love and calm hope, we may venture confidently and fearlessly to stand before thee in prayer. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A HYMN: "Jesus Calls Us o'er the Tumult"

THE SCRIPTURE READING:

The Call of Moses (Exodus 3:1-4)

Voice 1: Now Moses was keeping the flock of his father-in-law, Jethro . . . And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and lo, the bush was burning, yet it was not consumed.

Voice 2: And Moses said: "I will turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."

Voice 1: When the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called to

him out of the bush, "Moses, Moses!"

Voice 2: And he said, "Here am I."

The Call of Isaiah (Isaiah 6:1-9)

Voice 1: In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. . . .

Then flew one of the seraphim to me having in his hand a burning coal which he had taken with tongs from the altar.

Voice 2: And he touched my mouth, and said: "Behold, this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken away, and your sin forgiven."

Voice 1: And I heard the voice of the Lord saying,

Voice 2: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

Voice 1: Then I said, "Here I am! Send me."

The Call of Ezekiel (Ezekiel 1:2, 2:1-4)

Voice 2: On the fifth day of the month, the word of the Lord came to Ezekiel, the priest . . . in the land of the Chaldeans; and the hand of the Lord was upon him there. . . .

Voice 1: And [the Lord] said to me,

Voice 2: "Son of Man, stand upon your feet, and I will speak with you."

Voice 1: And when he spoke to me, the Spirit entered into me and set me upon my feet; and I heard him speaking to me,

Voice 2: "Son of Man, I send you to the people of Israel. . . . I send you to them; and you shall say to them, 'Thus says the Lord God.'"

The Call of Paul (Acts 9:1-6)

Voice 2: Saul, still breathing threats and murder against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked him for letters to the synagogues at Damascus. . . . Now as he journeyed he approached Damascus and suddenly a light from heaven flashed about him. And he fell to the ground and heard a voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?"

Voice 1: And he said, "Who are you, Lord?"

Voice 2: And he said, "I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting; but rise and enter the city, and you will be told what you are to do."

A SPECIAL OFFERING:

An offering for World Youth Projects, the means by which American youth show their concern for youth around the world, would be most appropriate.*

A TALK BY THE CHAPLAIN "Consider Your Call"

A HYMN OF DEDICATION: "Take My Life and Let It Be"

THE BENEDICTION: May the spirit of the Master lead us into faithful and devoted service from this day forward. *Amen.*

* Funds should be forwarded to the United Christian Youth Movement, 257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Bible Study for the week beginning January 6, 1957

There's Nothing Cheap About This

GLYN JONES

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: I Corinthians 3:18—4:2

AIMS FOR THIS LESSON:

1. To point out the total demand that Christ makes upon our lives.
2. To distinguish between form and content in Christian stewardship.

■ AMERICANS frequently marvel at the devotion of the Nazis and Communists to their way of life. From the revolution of 1905 to the final conquest of China, Communist history is one of hardship, suffering, and sacrifice on behalf of a cause.

This is one of the most important facts of our day. From where we stand, the demands of Nazism, Fascism, and Communism upon their followers are barbaric and demonic. It is almost incredible that millions of people should give their loyalty to such false philosophies, yet precisely that has happened. Half the people on earth now live under Communist domination.

Beside these powerful forces Christianity seems a cheap-jack affair. So far as most people can see, Christ makes no such claims upon his followers. Very few Americans have had to defend a Stalingrad on behalf of the Christian way of life. True, we have fought in defense of American security, but few among us under-

stood those struggles to be in response to the demands of Christ.

American Communists face a public contempt which most of us would find hard to accept. It is currently fashionable and respectable for an American to join the church, but how many of us would seek baptism and confirmation if our society condemned Christianity? This is a question that each of us must answer for himself.

I

Is it true, however, that the Communist must meet a greater demand than the Christian? Or have we Christians merely forgotten the challenge of Christ?

Let us briefly compare the claims of Communism with those of Christianity. The Communist is required to bow to the state so long as he lives. His life, his talent, his time, and his money belong to the government. He is useful only to the extent that he serves the people. Only when he is dead, and no longer of use to his country, is the Communist claim relinquished.

This is a radical demand, but it pales into insignificance beside the

claim of Christ. Christ asks to be accepted as Lord of all mankind, as the Son of God, as the Saviour of humanity. The Christian is answerable not only for his life on earth but for his eternal future as well. Death itself is merely an episode in the Christian's pilgrimage. The Christian is accountable not only for his life, his talent, his money, but also for his secret thoughts and feelings. There is not a single area of life, personal or social, public or private, where Christ's lordship does not penetrate. At the risk of being misunderstood, we may say that Jesus is a totalitarian who makes the Nazis and Communists look like neophytes.

II

That shocks the "wisdom of this world." It is unpleasant to discover that Christ expects more than fashion and respectability. When one has given a generous check to the building fund, it is disquieting to find that Christ wants more. When a man has calculated 10 per cent of his income to the last mill and has contributed his tithe, it is painful to learn that Christ wants not a tenth but everything.

St. Paul asks the Corinthian Christians: "What have you that you did not receive?" The answer is plain to a Christian. We have nothing that we did not receive. Life itself, and the means for sustaining it, come from God. Through his Son our past is forgiven, our present illuminated, our future assured. From God comes our creation, preservation, and salvation. Power for living, conquest of loneliness and anxiety, victory over sin, life-giving communion, and life

eternal—these are from him, all from him.

III

The Christian is therefore not "his own man." As Paul says, "You are Christ's." You and I are stewards, persons entrusted with the management of affairs not our own.

Sometimes the conventional aspects of stewardship have obscured the real dimension of Christ's demand. This matter involves a great deal more than our tithing, our use of money and talent. It has to do with how we see ourselves.

Our Civil War, for example, was fought over the issue, among others, that it was wrong for one man to own another. That it is wrong for one man to own another is today universally accepted in this country. It has by no means been settled, however, whether a man owns himself.

Most people consider that they are the owners, and not merely the custodians, of the properties they hold. They would consider anyone insane who said they did not own themselves. Yet this is precisely the demand that Christ makes. You and I are not merely entrusted with what we have; we are God's custodians of ourselves and of what we may become.

The notion that a man can "own" property or "own" himself is fundamentally like the idea that the state can "own" property and "own" people. Both these views ignore God's claim on all things and all people. Both attach a permanence to the state and to our own brief stay on earth that is not consistent with the facts. The facts are that nations die

and that man himself is only a pilgrim on earth.

This has little to do with particular ways in which we organize our stewardship, with "free enterprise" or "socialism." It has to do with how we see our possessions and ourselves. Christ, you see, is far more revolutionary than Marx, since he goes to the root of the matter. He wants us clearly to understand that we can be no more than custodians, for 70 years more or less, of the things that God has given us and of the personality with which he has endowed us.

Tithing is a healthy spiritual practice. It is plain, though, that tithing is not in itself stewardship. God is probably less concerned about the percentage of our income devoted to church activities than he is about the way in which we use our whole income. We must answer to him for all we have. By the same token, though we please God by devoting a certain number of hours to the work of his church, we are nonetheless accountable to him for all our hours. He has entrusted to us a whole life of possessions, relationships, talents, and possibilities; and we must answer to him for life in its entirety.

"Moreover," says St. Paul, "it is required of stewards that they be found trustworthy." So it is. Yet there are men who would give the most exact accounting to a court as executors of an estate but who do not see that life itself is a trust for which they must be responsible.

All this is foolishness to the non-Christian. He thinks he owns his property; he believes his life is purely private to do with what he will. And as God leaves us free to make

our own choices, he will not interfere with this man's illusion. Nor will he prevent him from squandering his trust.

IV

One of life's problems, of course, is that we must exercise our stewardship under varying circumstances, some of which are not of our choosing. It is one thing to be a faithful steward at home, bolstered by family, beloved minister, and fellow communicants. It is something else entirely to be accountable for life in an Army barracks or a destroyer compartment.

The Christian who wants to be trustworthy in his accounting to God finds himself beset by temptations in this new environment. At home his life was organized about the Christian community, which supported his ideas in stewardship. Here he is surrounded by men of all kinds, many of whom have no idea of obligation to God. At home there was a pattern of activity into which life poured itself; but here there are vacant, lonesome hours. At home there was stability, here there is change.

How, then, can the serviceman be true to his trust? How can he return to God a stronger mind, a more mature emotional life, an elevated moral response? There is no easy answer to these questions. But there are some answers that deserve consideration.

First, let us remember that it can be done. The Bible speaks with respect of trustworthy soldiers. The Roman centurion at the foot of the cross confessed Jesus as the Son of

God. Another saved the life of Paul. The roll of Christian soldiers is too long to list; but the names of Gustavus Adolphus, Chinese Gordon, George Washington, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee are among the many who combined the most rigorous Christian stewardship with the profession of arms.

To fulfill our stewardship we must seek the comradeship of other Christians. We need their support and encouragement, but we need also to know the importance of our own contribution to their lives. Should you make a choice between the base chapel, a civilian church, and the friendly congregation back home? All of them are parts of the same body—"the body of Christ"—and it really makes little difference. Perhaps it is best to go where your presence and testimony are most needed. But attend you must, and not merely as a Christmas-Easter Christian, if you are to be a good trustee of God's gifts.

How about time on your hands? What can a man profitably do with his leisure? The man who understands his stewardship finds that free time is opportunity. It is the chance to refresh and restore himself through rest, recreation, and participation. It is the open possibility for using and enjoying talents that may not be demanded in his job. Leisure allows a man to experience the overflow of life, to take correspondence courses, partake of good conversation and comradeship, join the softball league.

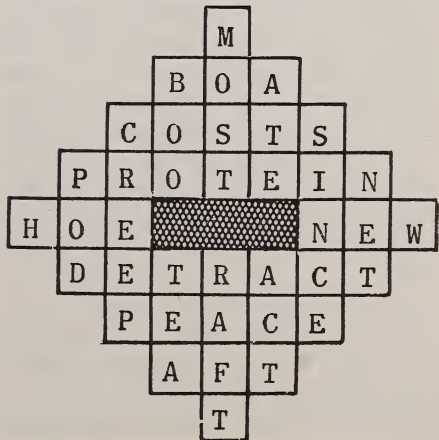
You see, we are not merely custodians of things as they are and of life as it is. Christians are trustees of

a promise, stewards of lives transformed by Christ, bearers of a Holy Spirit who makes divine our most common days. It is fitting that we carry these treasures, these hopes, carefully and profitably for him who has given us all we have and will make us all we should become. We are indeed "servants of God and stewards of the mysteries of God." There's nothing cheap about this.

Questions for Discussion

1. Do the Communists have a theory of stewardship? If so, how does it compare with that of a Christian?
2. Why is tithing important as a mode of stewardship? Is the tither ever in spiritual danger because of this practice?
3. What does it mean that "the Christian is not his own man"? If it is true, does that statement make a difference in the lives of those who accept it?

Solution to
LINK-O-GRAM
on page 14



Bible Study for the week beginning January 13, 1957

You Can't Keep It to Yourself

GLYN JONES

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Acts 14:17

AIMS FOR THIS LESSON:

1. To examine the nature of witness.
2. To consider certain aspects of Christian witness.
3. To outline certain dangers in urgent and thoughtless witness.

■ **THOUGH WE MAY** never testify in a court of civil or criminal law, we are nevertheless witnesses. We testify to something—to some truth or falsehood or loyalty—every day of our lives.

People sometimes talk as though there were a choice between witnessing and not witnessing. There is really no choice. Each of us inevitably witnesses to whatever is central in his life. We witness to something in any event, even if it is only to our doubt and confusion. Al Capone testified by his words and actions about the moral and spiritual morass into which his life descended. At the same time, Charles Evans Hughes was witnessing to a spirit of grandeur and to moral conviction hewn out of rock.

So the question is not "Shall I witness?" Rather it is "To what shall I witness?" I cannot choose whether my witness will be made, but it is for me to decide what my testimony

will be about. That decision is the most important I shall ever make.

I

Many people find it hard to take that choice seriously because they cannot honestly believe that their witness makes any difference. A private in the Army is near the bottom of the heap. Few people look to him for guidance or influence. Why should he worry about his testimony when it makes so little difference?

But he couldn't be more wrong. Old Peter of Abbotsford was coachman for Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist. When Peter knelt every night at Abbotsford to pray, he did not know that his master, sitting in the summerhouse across the road, was listening and finding courage. How much of Sir Walter Scott's influence can be traced to old Peter?

For good or bad, our witness makes a difference. The truth or falsehood which we present in our lives is important, regardless of our rank or position, because it may be a decisive influence in someone's life. Again and again some soldier or seaman has brought a civilizing, kindly force into the rudeness of a

barracks, and has thereby strengthened a comrade who was fighting his own inner battle for decency. Such an influence becomes crucial, literally a matter of life or death to some whose lives touch ours, when we testify on behalf of Christ, the Saviour of the world.

II

What does it mean to witness for Christ? Should the Christian vest himself with the manners, the conventions, and the intonations of a professional clergyman? Or is there a ministry which is yours, ordained or not, simply because you are his?

We Protestants strongly believe there is such a priesthood, wherein the believer may not only commune directly with God for himself but also may minister to others through the light in his life. All Christians are obligated to witness to their Saviour, though we are not all called to testify in the same way. There are "diversities of gifts but the same spirit." Some are called to preach and to administer the sacraments. Others live the Christian life in coal mines, wheat fields, locomotive cabs, and the armed forces.

What does the Christian do when he witnesses? He carries the good news of Jesus Christ to people who have heard little but bad news. Part of the good news is "about" Christ, but the heart of your testimony must be the Saviour himself as he lives in you. That may seem to be a distinction without a difference, but it is one for us to remember. It is one thing to testify "about" Christ. It is something quite different to let Christ speak for himself through the power

and purity of your life. This latter is the way in which every Christian may carry the good news, while testimony "about" Christ depends on special preparation for coping with peculiar difficulties that may arise. We shall mention some of them a little later.

It is indeed a formidable task to become the kind of person through whom Christ may speak. It means that we must become so much his, and he so much ours, that his spirit is communicated to others through our lives. It requires that more and more of our thought and action be illumined by him, so that our outer conduct may reveal his possession of our lives.

That is not at all the same thing as gaining another person's agreement to a creed, important as creeds are. We witness most truly in introducing others to a Person whom we know and love. You undoubtedly have some friend of whom you are particularly proud, and whom you are happy to introduce to others. You have probably known the deep satisfaction of making this friend acquainted with other people, hoping that the acquaintance might ripen into warm comradeship. Witnessing to Christ is more like that than like teaching someone the Ten Commandments or the Apostles' Creed.

Once Christ becomes ours, we never ask, "What shall I witness?" At that point we experience a powerful compulsion to share him with others, to introduce friends and acquaintances to the Person who is doing so much with our lives. We witness then, you see, because there is no real choice. Once you know

him, it is not enough to keep him to yourself, like some high school debutante who jealously ties strings on her date. The high school girl will surely lose the interest of her date by those tactics, and so will the Christian lose his intimacy with Christ when he tries to keep him for himself alone. **YOU CAN'T KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.** Christ remains yours only when you continue to give him to others.

There is one more thing to be said about the meaning of our Christian witness. It is this: Once Christ has command of our lives, we shall give him to others in spite of great dangers and difficulties. The Greek word for "witness" means "one who testifies to the truth at the expense of his life." It is the source of our word "martyr."

There is something ultimate about your Christian witness. It means that you have bet your life and your eternal future on Christ. That is a dangerous commitment, particularly in our world. A testimony for Christ may mean unpopularity among the immoral, the racemongers, the materialists. That is a heavy price to pay, but surely not so great as the death and suffering accepted in our day by the Christians of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Communist Russia. Let us not use the word "witness" merely as jargon. We can truly apply it to ourselves when we fully realize where it may take us.

III

You and I have the practical problem of witnessing where we are. It may sometimes occur to us that the Army and Navy are difficult places in

which to witness for Christ. There may even be those who may postpone their witness until conditions become more favorable.

Well, in this respect conditions never improve. Christian witness always occurs where the Christian is at the moment. If Christ is worthy of witness at all, that testimony cannot be delayed like a ball game on a rainy day. It must be given here and now, for this opportunity will never come again.

Yet it is well to remember the spiritual dangers into which the witness may fall if he is not careful. Thoughtless and urgent testimony can be very harmful to the witness as well as his companions.

There is surely the danger of spiritual pride. Many well-intentioned Christians fall prey to this greatest of sins in their efforts to save others. That is particularly the case when the witness feels superior to the person about whom he is concerned or to the society in which he lives. Christian assurance can easily become smug and cocksure, and occasionally does. The generosity, compassion, and kindness which are found among so-called "bad" people should give us pause. Disturbed as we may be by the debauchery of some acquaintances, we should also remember that spiritual pride is a greater sin than drunkenness and sexual promiscuity.

Again, we are sometimes tempted to dispute rather than to witness. There are surely occasions when the intellectual concepts of the Christian religion may fairly be contrasted to modern philosophies. Too many Christians, on the other hand, con-

fuse witnessing with arguing. Few men are more harmful to Christ than he who complacently rests after destroying his opponents' position with a proof text.

There is also the danger of shirking work on the pretense of witnessing. The gospel has sometimes found itself in disrepute when its most passionate defenders were considered to be lazy and untrustworthy with regard to their duties. As Protestants we must remember that work, no matter how menial, is a means of witness. The Christian, above all, must carry his weight in the boat, excelling all others in KP and working parties. A Christian who is dependable and honest in his work thereby wins a reputation that gives prestige to the faith that is in him.

IV

Amidst these "Thou shalt not's," how shall we witness?

To begin with, we can witness only by means that are consistent with our message. The power of Christ lies precisely in the fact that he will not violate the sacredness of a person. He will enter only those lives that freely accept him. Though our concern for others must be un-failing, we cannot subject men to the undue influence of fear and unremitting pressure.

Sometimes, too, the most effective testimony is offered by those who don't worry too much about witnessing. Light does not come until the candle is lit: nor is Christ seen in our lives until we have first placed him there. What we are speaks more loudly than what we say. It is of the utmost importance that we think

first of Christ and not about techniques of witnessing.

That is not to say that we should be silent about Christ. We must speak out for him with a clear understanding of the limitations of speaking. We must speak with a discriminating appreciation that silence also makes her testimony. We must speak for Christ while distinguishing between his voice and our own.

Theology is by no means the peculiar province of the clergy, as the writings of Jacques Maritain and Rufus Jones amply demonstrate. Our faith has an intellectual tradition that can stand muster with any. It is yours to appropriate and use for the glory of God if you will. It will help your witness if you really know the Person whom it tries to describe.

V

There is a final dimension of witnessing. It is that the witness is generally the greatest beneficiary of his own ministry.

This is not to say that we should witness in order to improve ourselves. It is only to point out that, as we cannot keep Christ without giving him away, so we shall grow in him as his light shines through us to the world.

Questions for Discussion

1. Is it true that you cannot keep the Christian gospel to yourself?
2. Can we really fall into spiritual danger while witnessing to Christ?
3. Barracks (or compartment) life can sometimes be rough and vulgar. Is that a proper place for my witness to Christ? If so, what is the best way for me to proceed?

Bible Study for the week beginning January 20, 1957

The Church Is You

GLYN JONES

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Romans 12:1-21

AIMS FOR THIS LESSON:

1. To assist the Christian to understand his church relationship.
2. To encourage men to participate in the life of the church.
3. To develop a sense of responsibility with regard to church membership.

■ A PARISHIONER recently gave me his definition of the church when he asked, "When do I pay my dues?" This man regularly attended services and faithfully worked for the chapel. However, he saw the church as merely another organization, like the PTA and the Boy Scouts, that demanded a share of his time and money. With that idea of the church, it is much to his credit that he contributed to its activities.

We must face the assumption underlying his question. Is the church merely another institution, worthy enough in its place, which deserves such support as we can muster amidst the fierce competition for our attention, time, and loyalty? Or does the church have a place of its own, distinctive among all agencies, which we should mark and cherish?

Surely it does differ from all other institutions in its origin, life, purpose, and destiny. The church is

unique among all *human* societies in that its existence is dedicated entirely to achieving communion with God and community among men. It is unusual among divine societies in that its members are really important to God for the achievement of his purposes. These things are only incidentally true of any other human community, and therein lies the difference between them and the church.

The church also differs from all other organizations in its relation to them. There is little to choose, so far as value is concerned, amongst the March of Dimes, the Red Cross, and the Heart Fund. All of them are equally helpful to humanity, each in its own way. They are related to each other as brothers, who should co-operate in their kindly work. The church, however, is not merely one more of these organizations. The church is a seminal community, producing in each generation the conscience and concern which gives birth to human charity and service.

State and city hospitals now far outnumber church hospitals. Public and private schools greatly exceed church schools in size and endow-

ment. Charitable drives today are a major expression of our care for the unfortunate. Who founded the first hospitals, schools, and hospices in our culture? What community first awakened our conscience to the needs of the sick and the ignorant, the imprisoned and the lost? It was not the Bar Association or the Chamber of Commerce, but the church.

When we contribute to a charity, it is important that we recognize that act as the fruit of a concern originally rooted in the Christian community. Here is an organism so virile, so full of life, that it provides the seed for many activities outside its own boundaries. The life of the church spills over, so to speak, among those who don't understand it, even among people who hate it, so that the Christian spirit comes to light in surprising places.

We sometimes lose this perspective of the church amid the human frailties of its members. It is difficult to connect the store-front Gospel Tabernacle, the tremolo-ridden small church choir, or the plainly dressed country parson with this grandeur that spans the centuries and reaches into heaven. Yet the communion and community are there behind all accidents of appearance and limitation.

The church may also suffer from our need for a doctrine to explain its life. Our very attempts to describe the elevated dignity and divine panoply of the church have occasionally removed it from the common life of men, so that we are tempted to think of it as being above the ordinary concerns of men. From time to time the human leaders of the

church have actually separated her life from the needs of humanity, but the power of God has always recalled them to their true task.

Each of us has moments when his relation to the church seems formal and meaningless. At such times our presence, work, and contribution do not seem essential to the life of the church; indeed, it appears to us that the Christian society would hardly note our absence. Is there any sense in which you and I, in addition to needing the ministry of a Christian community, are necessary to its life? Is membership in the church really important either to the person or to gathered Christians?

I

We can't really answer those questions until we understand how God works among his followers. Though the church is a divine institution, it was founded on men. God was not able to institute the church until he found men willing to commit themselves to him through Christ, until he was joined in the enterprise by men seeking to do his will. In other words this community was begun, and has continued through 20 centuries, because God intends to accomplish some of his purposes through men.

Because we are speaking of the church, a society founded by God, it appears logical that the men who co-operated in its beginnings must have been personalities of unusual strength and sanctity. That was not true of the early initiators of the church, nor has it invariably been the case with churchmen of the following centuries. Though the church

has had its share of towering personalities, many of its decisive victories have been won by ordinary men. Peter himself, a moving spirit of the earliest Christian community, was an erratic person unlikely to be trusted with serious responsibility by a modern corporation. He was passionate and inconsistent, capable of base weakness and unexpected strength. He denied his Lord three times.

It was about this weak man that Jesus said, "On this rock I will build my church." G. K. Chesterton, noting this paradox, pointed out that all the mighty empires have been created and led by strong men. The church, which has outlived every empire since Rome, alone among great institutions was founded on a weak man. Chesterton declares that this is the power of the church, since no chain is stronger than its weakest link. Be that as it may, the real strength of the church lies in what God can do with any man who answers his call. It was not the weakness of Peter that made possible the church's foundation, but his willingness to place himself at the direction of God. The strengths and weaknesses make little difference when God finds that willingness in a man.

Are we necessary to the life of the church? Of course we are! There are things that God can accomplish only through you and me. In all the vastness of the church, no man is insignificant, no one unimportant who is ready to let God use him.

II

There is a sense, indeed, in which each of us is indispensable. To understand why, let us see how Jesus

described the community of followers and how the church sees itself.

Jesus said to his disciples, "I am the vine, you are the branches." He meant that his followers were organically united with him, that there was among them a sharing of life which made each one important to the rest. It is this reality of being "members one of another" that makes the church unlike any other society. This is important to remember in a day when people confuse the church with its institutional characteristics, when the life of the Christian community is measured by human statistics and capital investment in buildings. The church uses institutions to accomplish its ends, but it is by no means to be identified by buildings, customs, costumes, or statistics.

When we call the church the body of Christ, we are using a metaphor filled with descriptive meaning. The church is his only body on earth, and it is the lone organism which transmits to humanity his Spirit and saving power. As a member of that body, you have a most important role in its total activity.

A body acts as a whole. The heart does not function of itself, but as a part of the whole body. Even though the heart is perfectly healthy, it must stop beating if another organ fails so seriously as to cause the death of the body. There is a striking cooperation and interdependence among the members of a human body which can be observed when one part compensates and makes up for the deficiency of another.

So it is with the church. It acts as a whole. The entire church is involved

in every action of every member. Once I enter the body of Christ, my behavior stops being a matter that is personal only to me. In me, for better or worse, the whole church is encompassed. My daily life may be either a credit to the church or an indictment of it, but it will be one or the other.

You see, the church is you. As a Christian you belong to your fellow members, and to the community as a whole, in a way that renders you indispensable. If you leave the church and are promptly replaced by another, the number of members remains unchanged. But the face of the church is thereby changed, for the substitute cannot take your place any more than a lung can replace a heart. As you have your unique need for the fellowship of the church, so you have a specific contribution to offer. Every member adds an individual flavor to the diversity and richness of the Christian community.

When everything is said and done, one Methodist counts a great deal among the 9,000,000 members of

that church. A dollar a Sunday pledge matters decisively in a \$20 million Presbyterian benevolence budget. For the great Methodist Church cannot spare one of its living cells without some harm to the whole body; and the Presbyterian Church lives, not by dollars, but by the spirit of every man who contributes a weekly dollar to missions. So with the Great Church as with its branches: it lives to serve you and to save you, but it cannot live without you. The church, indeed, is you.

Questions for Discussion

1. Does God really use weak men for his purposes, or does he wait until they are strong enough to use?
2. Does the church really lose anything merely because I am not there for worship? Is anyone that important in such a large community as the church?
3. The lesson calls the church a "seminal community." In what sense is this true? Does it have any bearing on the political race for mayor in your home town?

Our Cover Picture

This official photograph from the U.S. Coast Guard shows what fantastic shapes are assumed by some icebergs after they break from the mother glacier and start the long, slow journey through Baffin Bay and Davis Strait to threaten shipping lanes in the North Atlantic.

The iceberg pictured here was sighted by the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Eastwind* as the heavy-duty icebreaker crunched her way through ice fields to bring supplies, equipment, and replacement personnel to the weather station at Alert. This station, on the northeast tip of Ellesmere Island in the Canadian Northeast Territories, is operated jointly by the United States and Canada.

Bible Study for the week beginning January 27, 1957

Working with God Can Be Fun

GLYN JONES

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: I Corinthians 7:17-24

AIMS FOR THIS LESSON:

1. To distinguish between God's ways of calling men to his service.
2. To stimulate men to see their daily work in larger perspective.
3. To enable men to visualize their calling in the light of God's will.

■ A FEW WEEKS AGO some English labor unions expressed their dislike of automation. They feared that the introduction of more machines would cost them their jobs. Though they may be mistaken, we must sympathize with them. It is a serious matter to rob a man of his living, even in the name of progress.

No matter what else it may be, work is a means of supporting a man and his family. Food, shelter, and clothing are essential to life, and a man's labor provides them. Work is a way of making a living before it is anything else.

Some people think that human labor is a penalty inherited from Adam and Eve. This primitive idea assumes that you and I are being punished when we make a living "by the sweat of our brows." It also ignores many values that we have found in our work: satisfaction in a job well done, pride in having

created something, pleasure because we have served the community.

Above all, the "Adam and Eve" theory does not face the Christian understanding of work. Jesus, you will remember, had a high opinion of work. He was himself a carpenter who believed the laborer was worthy of his hire. Indeed, he so dignified work as to raise it from a way of making a living into a pattern for living a life.

I

The Christian, you see, considers his work to be a vocation. His daily task not only enables him to make a living but also enriches the community and serves God. Indeed, he considers that God has called him to the job at hand.

It is important that we make a distinction at this point. God calls men in numerous ways. We should mark two of them in particular. The Bible records many instances in which God directly called people to discipleship in general and to specific tasks of leadership and prophecy. David and Isaiah, in the Old Testament, had such experiences. While some people of our day have

undoubtedly entered their occupations after such direct, personal experience with God, most of us have not. On the contrary, some of us may be dissatisfied with our present jobs and not at all convinced that God has called us to do them.

There are certainly jobs to which God would never, under any circumstances, call a man. To give an absurd illustration, it is certain that a bank robber is never called to his crime.

There is a sense, however, in which men are called to their jobs even when they are unaware of any direct message from God. We are called in this way when the condition of life in which we find ourselves is *within* the will of God. To put it another way, we have a vocation when engaged in any lawful work that God permits. Henry Ford II inherited a fortune and now is president of the huge enterprise that bears his name. It is doubtful that God appeared personally and directly to Ford in calling him to this activity. He is called, nevertheless, because his work is a legitimate labor permitted within the will of God.

Now God's will would probably be equally satisfied if another man ran the Ford Motor Company. By the same token, Henry Ford would be called of God if he changed to another occupation within God's will. God has no desire, you see, to hamper man's creativity and growth by freezing him into a given status of work.

What are we saying? Merely that all lawful work is God's as well as ours. Christian vocation lies in seeing our tasks, whether they are

menial or important, as part of God's own creative labor. It is when men see that dimension of their labor that their most common days, their smallest jobs, are sanctified. It is then that they are lifted above making a living into making a life.

II

"Now that is a fine theory," you may say, "but I'm a PFC in the Army. It's hard to believe that I'm called to this job when Henry Ford is called to enjoy a fortune."

Well, you would be right if God had specifically selected you to be a PFC and Henry Ford to head a corporation. You will remember that your calling is not like that. It is in seeing yourself as within God's will, as doing something lawful that he permits.

But what about God's will? Does he really approve of what you are doing, or would he prefer you to be doing something else? Is everything you do the will of God merely because it has to be done?

One answer to these questions is given by Leslie Weatherhead, the great English minister.* He says that we have to distinguish among three aspects of God's will. To begin with, there is God's *intentional* will. This is what God desires to do with us before we start living our lives. His intention is frequently frustrated, of course, because we choose our own way instead of his.

Once we have chosen contrary to God's intention, he is faced by a

* In *The Will of God* (New York & Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1944).

new situation. His original desire was not achieved. Does this mean that he has no will for the new condition? Of course not. In the new circumstances, which God did not choose, he desires to salvage, to retrieve, and to restore the situation in the direction of his original intention. This we may call God's *circumstantial* will.

Then there is God's *ultimate* will. This is God keeping his eye on the final goal in spite of circumstances. God's ultimate will is to achieve, regardless of all hindrance and human obstruction, the end he originally sought.

The perfect illustration of these distinctions is Jesus. God's intentional will was that men should follow Jesus. Instead, they crucified him. God's circumstantial will was that the cross, while unavoidably the means for executing Jesus, should also become the vehicle for reconciling men to him and to each other. You and I enable God to achieve his ultimate will for us when we accept the reconciliation offered at such cost on the cross.

That may offer us an insight about your calling as a soldier or a sailor. It's unlikely that God originally intended that anybody should be a soldier. He would prefer that armies were unnecessary. The actual conditions are far removed from God's intentions. Almost all major nations have armies. Our current disarmament negotiations show how difficult it is to abolish them.

In these circumstances, then, God has a will to redeem the situation. That would include his desire that everything possible be done *in these*

circumstances for the protection of freedom and for the creation of a lasting peace. Serving in the Army would therefore be within his will. Strange as it may seem, even a PFC may be called to his job.

III

Suppose, then, that you start to see your job as a calling, as somehow tied in with God's will for this circumstance. Suppose you begin to see yourself as called, within God's will, to accomplish whatever legitimate task is at hand. Do those understandings make any difference either to the job or to you?

Certainly they affect your performance of the job, because you now have compelling reasons to be a good craftsman. Work, in itself, has assumed a new dignity in your eyes; the particular task has been related to larger ends. There is no possible way to glamorize KP, but there are now reasons for accepting it as an important and worth-while assignment. Marching a sentry tour may never be a fascinating experience, but it may become a very moving one when you realize that the safety of sleeping men is in your hands.

Humble jobs are essential to purposes beyond the immediate community. The radar operator in a picket ship has a dull, drudging task; but human freedom for our time depends on his meticulous faithfulness. The job, you see, is more than reporting images on a radar scope. It is keeping a finger on the pulse of our national security. In the same way, most small jobs accomplish more than local results. The New York street cleaner lifts the face

of Madison Avenue, but he also protects the health of every nation that uses that port.

In the ultimate sense, every job is part of your worship of God. Every lawful task contributes to God's continuing creation. As a matter of fact, there are creative actions that God can accomplish only through you and me. If they are to be done, it must be with your hands and mine in God's service.

This is a staggering idea when you stop to consider it. Imagine the majestic sweep of God's creative work, moving slowly and purposefully through the centuries and toward eternity, building, saving, opening new possibilities to human life. Then see yourself caught up in that mighty will; see your little job adding to the vast edifice of his creation.

The most important aspect of your calling, you see, is that you are thereby elevated to partnership with God. No longer are you limited to isolated,

insignificant tasks that lead nowhere and amount to nothing. Every job becomes a joint effort. If you were to hang up the sign of your firm, as our big construction companies do, it would read "ALMIGHTY GOD AND JOHN SMITH AT WORK." Underneath you could print: "PARTNERS IN CREATION."

To the man who grasps the opportunity, who accepts his calling to the job at hand and the one to come, life becomes a rich and infinitely fascinating affair in which every task and companionship is filled with new meaning. He has indeed moved beyond making a living into making a life.

Questions for Discussion

1. In what sense, if any, is it the will of God that I serve in the Army?
2. Is anyone really called to be a garbage collector? A butcher?
3. Would anything important be lost to the world if it suddenly became unnecessary for me to work?

Controls

You cannot control the length of your life, but you can control its width and depth. You cannot control the contour of your countenance, but you can control its expression.

You cannot control the other fellow's opportunities, but you can grasp your own.

You cannot control the weather, but you can control the moral atmosphere that surrounds you.

You cannot control the other fellow's faults, but you can see to it that you yourself do not develop or harbor provoking propensities.

Why worry about things you cannot control? Why not get busy controlling the things that depend on you?

—*Highway of Happiness*

AT EASE!

A man and a girl charged around a corner from opposite directions and bumped into each other. They both stepped back, apologized, and started up again. But they both dodged in the same direction, and bumped once again. Step back, apology, sidestep in the other direction, and they bumped once more. This time the man stepped back, raised his hat, and gallantly remarked, "Just once more, cutie, then I really must go."

Tourist (to man sitting on the steps of a shack beside a country road): "How's your cotton crop?"

Native: "Didn't plant any. 'Fraid of the boll weevil."

Tourist: "How's your corn?"

Native: "Didn't plant any. 'Fraid of the dry spell."

Tourist: "How's your potato crop?"



"The thing to do is to start building up your resistance early."

Native: "Didn't plant none. 'Fraid of the potato bug."

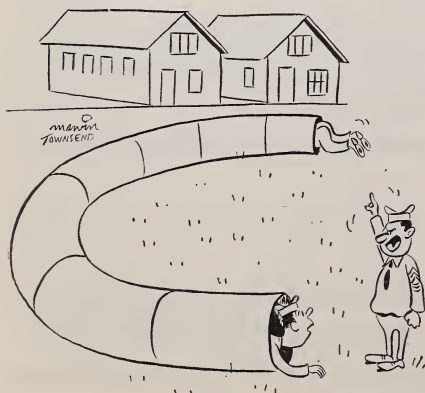
Tourist: "What did you plant this year?"

Native: "Didn't plant nuthin'. Just played it safe."

Mrs. Brown: "How children's tastes do change!"

Mrs. White: "Yes, when my two were small, Johnny just loved soldiers, and Mary was crazy for brightly colored dolls. Now Mary is crazy about soldiers, and John runs after every painted doll he sees."

An editor who was noted for his caustic wit received a lengthy verse written on perfumed paper and tied with pink ribbon. The title of the poem was, "I Wonder, Will He Miss Me?" The editor read the poem, frowned, and returned the material with a note, saying, "Dear Madam, if he does, he should never again be trusted with firearms."



"And another thing, what's the big idea of wearing shoes with holes in them?"



The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. now has an official emblem.

This emblem combines a cross as the symbol of Christianity with an outline map of the United States to signify that the council of 30 Protestant and Orthodox communions is a U.S. religious organization.

The General Board has approved use of the emblem either in black and white or, when color is desired, in green and gold.

The emblem is a modification of an unofficial emblem that has been in use since the 30 denominations with 144,000 churches and 36,000,000 members formed the council in December 1950.



